A SPEEDIE POSTE,

With certaine New Letters.

OR,

The first fruits of new Conceits, neuer yet disclosed.

Now published for the helpe of such as are desirous to *learne to write Letters.*

By *I. W.* Gent.

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TO THE COVRTEOVS and impartiall Reader, health and prosperitie.

Here is presented to thy iudicious view and fauourable censure, a Secretarie to diuers mens conceptions, as haue not yet beene handled, in any booke of this kind, the varietie of matters and theirs answers are more capable to content the learned, then the ignorant, howsoeuer, vsefull to both, and chiefly necessary to instruct the youth, in the true methode of inditing and composing Letters. If therefore this efficatious worke finds a

gracious entertainment in thy ſight, and that vnder the banner of thy approbation it may freely wander the world, and warre againſt the ignorant worldlings of this iron age, who (as wormes in a Library) ſeeme onely to liue, but for to deſtroy learning, I ſhall euer endeuour to ſet out ſuch workes as may be, for the enriching the more thy Spirit, and to adorne thy ſoule. So I commit you to Gods protection, without which health is ſickneſſe, ioyes ſorrowes, and proſperity miſery.

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To a Friend, vpon a report of an vnfaithfull dealing.

IT is a common saying, that euery thing is as it is taken; which I finde more common then true, for I tooke you for a Friend, but find you not so; & I tooke you for a wise man, I would you were so; I tooke you for an honest man, but what you are you know. Two things in a man are hatefull, vnfaithfulnesse; and vnthankfulnesse, which I referre to the consideration of your conscience: what you haue found me you know, what you might haue found me, you might haue known: what you shall find me, you shall know: but as I confesse imperfection in affecting vnworthinesse, so will I take better order with mine opinion, then to resolue a truth vpon error, and yet not so carried away with passion, but that I desire rather satisfaction then reuenge, which vpon your answer I shall determine: I rest till then, and alwaies, as I haue reason, and shall haue cause.

Yours, or not yours, T. W.

The Anſwer.

TAke me as you liſt, I will take you as I finde you, betwixt wit and iudgment, caried away with a windie humour: for if the euill breath of a worſe minde hath poyſoned the ſenſe of your hearing, yet would diſcretion make a ſtay at iniury. I challenge no further fauour then deſert, nor will deſerue leſſe eſteeme then my deſire, that kindneſſe may anſwer faith in conſtancy. The worſt humour in the minde is iealouſie, which ſeldome is bred without iniuſtice; and what more wounds the conſcience then miſconceit: which how far it workes in a troubled ſpirit, patience vpon a right temper can diſcerne: friendſhip ſtands not vpon reports, wiſdome vpon humours, nor honeſty vpon miſtruſt; but he that is himſelfe can beſt iudge of another. So leauing worth to an euen weight, & my loue to the like cenſure, reſolued vpon confeſſion of imperfection, to put off impatience in paſſion, or in continuance of miſconceit to put a ſeparation in affection. I reſt as I may reſt:

Yours, what you will, F.R.

A Letter of Loue to a worthy Beloued.

SWeet Creature, whoſe worthineſſe in goodneſſe, ſhewes a great meaſure in happineſſe, giue me leaue, rather with my hearts ſeruice to honour you, then with my weake praiſes to wrong you: for had not vertue ſet a beauty vpon the Art of Nature, wiſdome could not ſo much admire the worke, as to ſtand amazed at the worth of it, nor Loue ſo deuote himſelfe vnto it, as to deſire not to liue without it. The learned may find out ſimilies to expreſſe wonders in their worth, but a ſimple heart makes you ſimply beyond all figures, the ſubſtance of his honour, and loue, the ſubiect of his life: and while wit goes a wooll-gathering in the field of idle fancie, reaſon

ſets

ſets vp his reſt on the ground of your onely grace. Poets look out for Goddeſſes, and Philoſophers for the riches of the earth, and the Aſtronomers for the Lights of the lower heauens, to ſet their beloued in equality with their beſt worth, yea, and to exceed them in their eſteeme: but hee that hath clearely beheld you, and rightly diſcerned you, may bee ſilent in ſpeech, leaue fictions to fond paſſions, and in the truth of more worth then words can ſet downe, in the admiration of perfections, vnder heauen, if there be any, hold you an Angell vpon earth. Blame me not then for louing you, nor my loue to honour you, nor for the honour of my loue to reſt onely vpon your fauour; for, whatſoeuer the world holdeth you, I hold you of more worth then the world, and to mee the world nothing worth without you: fauour him then who doth affect you, grace him that doth honour you, command him that doth ſerue you, and make him liue that is but as dead without you: pardon the plainneſſe of my ſtyle and accept truth for the beſt eloquene of Loue: In which I will reſt euer,

Yours deuoted, wholly to be commanded, R. N.

The Anſwer.

SIR, with patience I haue read the fiction of paſſion, and though I be no Scholler, yet haue I heard, that it is not the leaſt art to conceale Art: where Simplicity being the ſpokes-man of Loue, and Truth the eloquence of wiſdome, are wrongfully alledged in commendations aboue deſert: Loue is ſaid to be blind, how then can he iudge of colours: and wiſdome is free from paſſion, how then can it ſubſcribe to admiration: Poets fictions are fancies, and fained fancies are but Natures furies, which more trouble the head then the heart: It is an euill obiect that makes an abiect of a ſubiect, and vnhappy are thoſe eies that blind one another. For my ſelfe to be a cauſe of your hurt, in your miſconceit, I ſhould be ſorry, and to doe you good in wiſhing you more happineſſe then to honour vnworthineſſe, I ſhould bee glad. Paſſion

makes the bondage of affection, but a free spirit can best resolue vpon perfection, where if there were any vpon the earth, it would be taken vp into heauen, for the world is not worthy of it. Therefore though I be not angry, let me a little chide you, that to a simple woman, giues the title of an Angell, which if I were neere vnto in the least point of vertue, I should perswade you rather to mitigate passion, then to dissemble affection, or to breed a false opinion vpon an vniust commendation: yet not to blot out a faire word till I finde a foule sense, and in hope in a bushell of corne there may be one graine of pure wheat, I will neither be bitter to sweetnesse, nor vngratefull to kindnesse, but so esteeme of deserts in their trialls, as may accomplish content in their trust. So, hoping that the eye of vnderstanding will behold all things in their best natures, and Loue will not bee so wilfull as to lose his sight in a staring humour, but to cary his wit with his eye, and his heart with his tongue: I rest,

Yours as I may, E. B.

For the preferment of a Seruant.

SIR, where you spake to me for a Seruant, I hope I haue fitted your desire. This Bearer I know, and you know me, that will not wrong you in doing him more then right: his sufficiency in your employment you shall not doubt of, and for his seruice I will giue my word: his valour is without quarrell, and his patience without base feare: sociable, but with good company: kind, but he knowes how: and so discreet, as can iudge betwixt a Master and a Seruant. For his tongue I neuer heard him tared, nor idle where he might be well employed: he hath thriuen much vpon a little, and the better hope of his encrease. More I will not say in his behalfe: but leaue to your discretion the commandment of his duty, who, I hope will haue such care of my credit, as to

make

make you thanke me for my commendation. So till I see you, or heare from you, and allwaies, I rest,

Yours, or not mine owne, D. E.

An answer to the same.

YOur Letter I haue receiued, the Bearer I haue entertained, and your words I haue beleeued; his countenance promiseth a good condition, his behauiour shewes no base breeding, and my hope is of him, that I shall haue much content in him: if it lye in my power to requite your kindnesse in the like, I will not be my selfe if I forget to be yours: I shall shortly haue occasion to vse him in some matter of importance, in the meane time assuring my selfe of his sufficiency, wishing that in the like, or any other occasion I may haue meanes to requite your kindnesse: with hearty thankes for your care of me in this, and many other testimonies of your loue, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the tuition of the Almighty, and so rest,

Yours in what I am mine owne, R. N.

A Letter for Newes.

I know not in this time how to write vnto my Friends, the world being as it is, for here in our Countrey our tongues are tyed vp within our teeth, for feare of certain Birds that will flye away with our breath: it may bee because fooles will be busie with matters above their wits, or some of the order of high-way walkers, a kin to the short Coats in the Cards, will set trappes for tongues, to make them keepe their wits in good compasse: and so it is necessary, for if it were not for the stockes, the Beggers would bee too bould with the best men in our Parish, but about you I thinke matters are carried in a better course, where wise men know how to handle fooles, and knaues may goe walke the

Horſe-faire for lacke of fellowes: if there be any matter of worth that you dare commit to paper, you know how to ſend to mee, and being my ſelfe, my care of your good ſhall not ſleepe in the watch of your truſt: we heare of many things, but few worth the hearing, for euery one ſpeakes out of the ſpléne of his affection: but what you write I know will bee truth, and therefore doe long to heare from you of ſuch occurrents as come to your hands, that you dare write, and I may receiue: I hold you wiſe, and know you honeſt, and therefore will leaue to your diſcretion the conſideration of my requeſt, and in your knowledge of my affection, the commandment of my loue, in which I will euer reſt,

Yours moſt faithfully aſſured, H. T.

The Anſwer.

YOu write vnto mee the courſe of your Countrey daunces, where with a rule of little reaſon, a man may ſquare out their meaſures: but for our kinde of people that ſee more then Pauls Steeple, they are Birds of ſuch feathers as euery Poulterer cannot be acquainted with, for wee haue Cuckoes ſo like Kiſtrels, that a good Faulkoner can hardly know them, and ſuch Buzzards vpon perches, that if they had bells they would be at high prizes: but for ſuch Ale-ſouts as are like the ſhort Coats in the Cards, good gamſters know how to keepe or to diſcard them. But for matter of Newes, the world is ſo full of them, that if you will haue patience you may buy them at a ſmall rate: Buſineſſe of State are for men of State, I am none of them: but for the meane eſtate I can onely ſay, that the Labourer is ſometime at more quiet then his Landlord: a cleane conſcience is like a cleane paire of ſheets, which though they may be courſe, they be not louſy: from other Countries we heare of great warres, and reioyce greatly in our peace at home. One thing I haue lately noted in piping, that if euery pipe made a noyſe: the ſound of Tobacco would make ſtrange muſicke in the world, for almoſt

euery

euery Begger will be at his pipe of Tobacco; I know not any so bad ware so well sold, and if it be as I heare, whole Woods, and halfe Lordships are gone away in smoake. Wanton Idolatrie is much feared, for diuers Gallant spirits will fall on their knees to painted faces: Loue is so much talked of, and so little found, that it is like a Riddle that few or none can interpret. The Diuell is so busie in the world, that hee seekes to make a hell vpon earth, but God hath bound him to his limits, and no doubt but God hath his Church, for whose sake, or rather for his owne sake, he hath mercy ouer his people: for vs here we find him gracious, to whom we refer the issue of all our actions. For the wisdome of the world, I know not what to say to it, for wise women are counted witches, for they make fooles of wise men, and wise men are so sunke in their vnderstanding, that women haue a great sway in their conceit, so that in the common course of wit, kindnesse is a great continuance of neighbourhood, and encrease of people. These are the occurrents of these times, how long they will hold I know not; if there were matter of more worth, I would write to you more at large: but let this suffice for this time, that at all times, in all, I am, I will rest,

Yours as you know, E. R.

A Letter to a Friend, to borrow money.

IF necessity make the tryall of a Friend, ill fortune the excuse of folly, hath put me in the predicament of, I pray you helpe me. Money hath in many eares an ill sound in the sense of borrowing, especially in the feare of the performance of payment; but all hearts are not of one disposition, for though honesty among fooles is thought to be ill for thriuing, yet better wits had rather die with a good conscience, then to liue with a gaie countenance. I hope you know me so well as to make no doubt of my good meaning, a hun-

dreth

dzeth Crownes will serue my turne, which shall not be a hundred daies in payment: set your time, & if I faile, let me be held as great an enemy as I hold you a friend: loath I am to trouble you with perswasion, knowing the truth of your discretion, and the noblenesse of your disposition: to which leaning the euent of my hope, in your kind answer, I rest,

Yours deuoted and obliged to be commanded, W. I.

The Answer.

IF I were in the predicament of quantity, as you are of quality, you should need no prayer where you haue interest in command, for no sound of an ill sense can so corrupt the heart of a good vnderstanding, but that (be fortune what it list) a Friend will be alwaies himselfe, which esteemes not money aboue man, nor with a wrongfull feare will grieue the care of a good conscience: and therefore, though not so furnished as I would be, to helpe all my friends at their néede, yet such is my knowledge of your loue, and such my assurance of your word, as weighing it with my gold, I found it so equall in the ballance, that I could not deny your request: your Crownes I haue sent you, and wish they were Pounds to pleasure you. So glad that in a little I can shew my greater loue, I rest,

Yours assured in more loue then money, T. R.

To an Enemy vpon a quarrell.

SIrra, your base dealing with your betters, will make you perhaps know the price of a paultrey fellow, when fearefull excuses shall not free you from the Cudgell. I dare not challenge you for feare you will tell tales, but to morrow in

in the morning early I ride to High-gate, whither if you follow me out of towne, I will set you home with a vengeance, when, if my sword hold, you shall seele the taste of the edge of it: but if you keepe home, I will make my boy to baffle you: so sorry to put my patience to so much pain as to write to you: vpon your answer I rest, howsoeuer,

Your implacable Enemy, T. A.

The Answer.

O Great Monarke of a little Molehill, what ailes you to be so far beside your selfe before Midsomer: I heare you are a great Kill-cow, and therefore if you were a Butcher, your hands would be much in blood. If you be afraid of your owne shadow, goe to bed and sleepe: for your sword, if it cut a mile afore the edge, let no Butterflye come in the way of it. As you dare not challenge, so you dare not answere it. But for your iourney to High-gate, I thinke it will be rather to Newgate, for stealing of a horse to carry you to Tiburne; where if your Boy escape for the cutting of a purse, I doubt not his Master will hang for picking of a pocket. When I see you, I will not talke with you, but take you as I finde you, and make you know I remember you. And so hoping vpon mine answer you will make your will, or alter your humour, I rest,

Yours, as you mine, T. R.

A Scoffing Letter to a Punke, that thought too well of her selfe.

FAire Wilkris, if I should not say I loue you, you would be angry, because so many tell you they doe so: and if I should loue you I should bee angrie with my selfe, knowing how many are out of loue with you. I must confesse, you are as faire as art can make you, but for your wit, if you haue not

mard it, I know not what to make of it. I would haue seene you, but that better company keepes me from you, and when I haue nothing to doe, I shall perhaps vnwillingly thinke on you: but for this time, hauing nothing to say to you, to your better friends I leaue you: and so rest,

Yours as you see, T. D.

Her Answer.

FInd Sir, if you were any wiser then a Woodcocke, you would hold scoffing the scumme of wit. For your loue, it is so little worth as I weigh it not, and for your anger I care not: if you be angry with your selfe, make your selfe amends: e howsoeuer other hate me, I am sure I am out of loue with you. Touching disease, if my Dog did amisse, I would bee loath you should meddle with him, and when you thinke of my fall, take heed to your owne health, experiments are dangerous, for as I heare you haue beene in such a bumble bath, that you were almost stifled, but comme againe to a little breath, you would make you whole with my hurt: but what hope soeuer of good is in me, you know there none of you: for your company it is like your selfe, not a barrell better herring; therefore keepe you where you are, for you are best welcome when you are away. So to quite your kindnesse with a crust of the like Cake, if it choake you in the digestion, it is no more then your desert. So leauing you to your selfe, knowing none of worth that will beare you companie, I rest,

Mine owne as you see, A. T.

To a Friend at the Vniuersity, a worthy Graduate: From the Court.

HOnest George, how happily dost thou liue, among the varieties of witts, who in the choisest studies, may spend

their time in exchange of contentment, where the Orators eloquence, the Philosophers experience, the Diuines inspiration, and the Poets inuention, in the pleasure of the spirit, make the paradise of the world. What sweet companions are bookes that lye open to the eie of vnderstanding: and what honey is suckt out of those flowers that neuer lose their swætnesse in a true sense: There doth reason teach nature how to gouerne the senses, and grace teacheth reason how to gouerne nature: there wisdome learneth wit how to bridle will, and time is imploied in the workes of iudgment: there fooles haue no fauour, nor the vnworthy honour; the vertuous disgrace, nor the studious disdaine, but God is daily serued, religion reuerenced, Law obserued, learning beloued, and loue preserued, knowledge practised, charitie extended, and truth honoured: where faith is the champion of grace, and fame sounds the triumph of vertue: there comelinesse in apparell, temperance in diet, measure in labour, resolution in loue, meditation in grace, and contemplation of comfort, proue by all notes in the instruction of perfection, that in supernaturall blessings it is a kinde of heauen vpon earth: when in the holy assemblings the world is at silence, and Organs sounding and voyces singing, hearts reioycing, and spirits adoring to the Maiesty of Eternity, are heard the Halleluiah's of Glory. But what shall I speake of so much, and more then I can conceiue, hauing spent so little time there, and lost so much time else where, but leaue onely to thee, that liuest there, and knowest the wonder of that worth whereof thou diuidest no little part, to wish me with thee, who will neuer be from thee, and when I can, will see thee: till when, let me heare from thee, to hasten my comming to thee. So, thus farre onely partner in thy happinesse, to ioy in thy ioy. I rest.

Thine what I can be mine owne,

R. D.

The Anſwer.

KInd Robin, if my wit were as good as thy memory, I ſhould conceiue what thou haſt recorded, and looke a little into that which thou haſt looked through: what thou ſaieſt is or ſhould be true: bookes indeed are ſweet companions till they trouble the braine with too much ſtudy, and grow hurtfull to the heart, in the trouble of the head: but where conceit is carefull, and God is mercifull, there is learning gracious, and religion glorious: and where vertue breeds loue, and loue obſerueth law, there knowledge is well practiſed, and truth worthily honoured. I would it were ſo in all, and am ſorry it ſhould not be ſo in any: but if there be no faith on earth, where ſhall vertue be ſeene in the world? there is pro and contra, yea, and nay, in the Schooles, and yet when all is done, there is but one truth: there are diuerſities of degrees, and but one Grace the giuer of all: diuers natures of knowledge, and one wiſdome the inſtructer of all, and many ſundry gifts of graces, but God is the glory of all: worthily then is he ſerued of all, that is the Lord and Maſter of all, and neuer enough to bee praiſed on earth, to whom all the hoſt of heauen doe ſing an eternall Halleluiah. In the garden of Paradiſe there were but two Creatures, and one of them corrupted the other: when there were but two brethren on the earth, ons ſlue the other: among the Prophets ſome were falſe: among the Apoſtles one Iudas: and then what kingdome can be free from Traitors? what high way from Theeues? what Sea from Pirats? what City from Crafts-men? what Towne from ill neighbours? what houſe from ſluggards? and what Vniuerſity from Truants? But happy are thoſe Spirits whom God hath choſen for his owne ſeruice: and bleſſed are thoſe Schollers that are religiouſly learned: and glorious is that Religion that is the rule to eternall life: Such a Scholler haſt thou beene, ſuch rules haſt thou read, ſuch a life haſt thou choſen, ſuch a God

doest thou serue, that like a Bee hast suck'd the honey of the flowers, and left the weeds for the Spiders to spin their webs on: but, though there be clouds in the ayre, yet the Sunne shineth through them, and though there bee weeds in the garden, yet the hearbs grow aboue them, and are kept from them; there are rotten sheepe, but they are seuerd from the flocke, and there be wicked among the godly, but they are knowne by their courses: but to speake truth, here is the fountaine vnder heauen of the water of Life: here shines the light of grace through the clouds of contradiction: here grow the herbes of wholsomnesse aboue the poysoning weedes of wickednesse: here are the flocke of sound Lambes, seuered from the rotten sheepe; and here are the children of God knowne from the seruants of the deuill; and therfore where the place is so full of pleasures, where the ground is so full of goodnesse, and the varieties of vertues draw the delight from vanities, where necessity is satisfied, and superfluity auoyded, where the rule of grace is the guide of reason, and God is glorified in the seruice of Loue: I must confesse, if there be on earth a Paradise it is sure in this place, where I could wish thy presence, and will pray for thy company, which shall bee no sooner then welcome. Till then, and alwaies in the truth of an honest heart, I rest,

Thine what I am or shall be to my power. N. R.

To a Friend wishing him to marry.

GOod Will, I heare your Parents haue left you a faire estate, and your prouidence hath well multiplied your money bags: but I heare withall, that you run a strange course: you frequent Sermons, but I feare you are neuer the better for them, for, I doubt you heare either with a deafe eare, or a dull heart, that the word takes no better effect in

your instruction. You may bee a father of many children and not onely haue in abundance to defray all the charge that they shall put you to, but you shall when you leaue the world, leaue them sufficient with Gods blessing to maintaine them in the world; where now you couet much and enioy little, while your wealth possesseth you, and you not it: and when you shall leaue it, not knowing when nor where, you shall be a cause of great heart-burning among friends, when there is an inequality in disposing of your goods: If you haue not the gift of continency to make your soule a temple of the holy Ghost, yet let not concupiscence make in your conscience a kind of Hell vpon earth, mistake not gold for God, let not the drosse of the world be a barre to your better treasure, liue not to those that loue your goods and not you, whose hearts are in your purse, howsoeuer their eies bee on your person. Take a Virgin, and let her vertue be her portion, her wit thy companion, and her loue thy comfort: a worthy wife is a second selfe, and a vertuous Virgin is like to proue an honourable Matron: a house Dove will not flye farre abroad, and a Turtle will neuer be far from her make: It is a breeder of good neighbourhood, an encrease of a blessed seed, an vpholder of a house, and a continuance of a name; and therfore marry while you are young, lest a stale Batcheler bee cheated with a cunning widow, or the want of a worthy issue leaue the world to a wild course. To conclude, bee not blinded with selfe will, nor giuen ouer to a solitary life: and being not borne onely for our selues, let vs doe good to the common wealth: and if I may perswade you, lie not alone, when you may haue a louing bedfellow. And so hoping you will not stand in your owne light to lose an occasion of happinesse, I rest,

Yours, as you know, H. R.

The

The Answer.

HOneſt Henry, I commend thy wife, but not thy wit, for her wisdome hath so gouerned thy will, that thou hast forgotten thy selfe in being hers, for thy bondage hath giuen thee liberty to speake that thou vnderstandest not: for, though mariage be honourable where the maried are honest, and a wife is comfortable, where kindnesse is constant, and the seed of Loue is a sweet blessing to life, yet when nature is fraile, and loue is blind, when spirits are not begotten with bodies, and the danger of youth breedes the sorrow of age, when the daies griefe is more then the nights pleasure: and while the diuell is so great in the world, that there is not a true Angell vpon earth: when bodies and minds are not all one, and holy-daies come so seldome, that the wekes workes seeme tedious, and home speakes of nothing but alwaies of one and the same, and neighbours sometime are worse companions then strangers, and the continuance of a name is better forgotten then remembred: though the best is to bee hoped, yet there is so much of the worst to be feared, that I had rather sup vp my sorrowes alone, then heare another crie for curst heart, conceiue a concealed comfort, then haue a partner in the knowledge of my content. For my estate, if I impaire it, it is my owne hurt: if I encrease it, others may receiue good by it: and rather had I leaue for an enemy, then to be beholding to a friend: it may be that a virgin whose vertue is a rich portion, may worke much in the mind of a wise man, but wisdome is so rare, and vertue such a iewell, as men are hardly knowne by the one, and women strangely endowed with the other: yet, since I must confesse, wantonnesse is a kind of wickednesse, and better to be in bondage to a woman then to the deuill, in hope there may bee better then wooden Saints in the world, if thou canst help me to such a Creature as thou hast hit on, I will follow thy counsell, and hope of thy comfort. And thus, hoping that thou wilt in thy

loue, labour for the quiet of my life: and if I bee drawne into a bargaine, not to repent me of the price, wiſhing the continuance of thy happineſſe, and my ſelfe no worſe a companion, then ſo good a neighbour to liue and thriue by, till wee meet next to talke further of the matter, with hearty thankes for thy kind letter, in the kindeſt loue that thou canſt deſire, I reſt,

Yours as you ſhall euer finde, T. B.

To a Friend that was determined to marry: a diſſwaſiue Letter.

SIR, I heare that of you that I expected not, and you muſt heare from me that perhaps you deſire not, a diſſwaſion from a wilful running into an irrecouerable woe. I heare that you are to take a wife, or rather to bee taken of a wife, and to haue her put vpon you, that hath had many put vpon her: miſtake not my meaning: for if all haue beene refuſed but you, either there is a defect in their worth, or her iudgment: how euer it bee, I am ſorry it is as it is, for in my conceit, matiage is ſuch a market of, who gines more, that ſometime the Chapmen loſe all, and if they repent them of their bargaines they are ne're the better, and if they hold it they are ſo much the worſe: for let me a little put on my conſidering Cap, and ſpeake to ſome purpoſe; What can ſhee be that can be worthy of you? and when you haue her that you loſe not by her? Beauty may breed Iealouſie, and wit may be a wanton: againe, a foole and a foule one are a couple of fretting companions: riches may breed pride, and pouerty charge: if ſhe be noble, you muſt make courteſie to all her kindred: if baſe, you muſt maintaine a neſt of beggers: if ſhe command not all you haue, and your ſelfe too, ſhee will cry; and if ſhe haue all at her will what caſe are you in? If ſhee neuer loued any before, how can ſhe learne to loue you? and if ſhe loued many before, you ſhall be but one among the reſt:

if

if she be a Gossip, your house will be her least home: and if she be tongue-tied she is in a pittifull taking: if she be young, her time is dangerous: if aged, her object grievous: if wise, take heed of craft: if foolish, beware the Baby: In summe, take heed of the worst, for the best may haue a blot: and this know withall, that the market once past, there is no going backe with the bargaine. If you buy a horse, you may looke in his mouth for his yeares, you may try his pace how you like him, and if you buy him, and after do mislike him, with a little losse you may sell him: but a wife once had, you must keepe her, and like a Pig in a poke, take her at all aduentures: repenting is to no purpose, she must be kept, and as she will be kept, or else you will be kept in little quiet. I see it with many in the world, and therefore feare it will fall out so with your fortune: take heed therefore what you doe: and if there be such an one as may be worth the finding, write me word that I may applaude your opinion, hope of your pleasure, and pray for your happinesse. And so till I heare from you, I rest,

Yours howsoeuer, F. W.

The Answer.

GOod Franke, didst thou neere read the tale of the two young Friers, where one hauing perswaded his fellow to leau his solitary life in the Church, and to looke a little into the pleasures of the world, to leaue shunning of chast Virgins, and to take an honest and a kind wife, meaning thereby either to follow his course, or to beware to fall into his purgatory: within a few dates after that one of them had followed the counsell of the other, in the course of carnall copulation, the other meeting him in a faire morning, walking about a Meadow plot of his wiues Fathers possession, and seeing him wiping his eies, came to him, and with a great sigh, saluted him in this manner; What, so soone repent thee of an ill bargaine: is it possible that a wife can be such a Purga-

sory? when the other, with as great a sigh, and a smile in the end of it, made him this answer; No such matter brother, I weepe to thinke what a world of time I haue lost of the sweetnesse of life, before I met with my best worthy beloued; for beleeue it, vnder heauen there is no such happinesse as a carefull husband may finde in a kind wife, where wit with beauty, vertue with kindnesse, wisdome with loue, makes such a wonder of worth in the iudgment of discretion, as in vile words cannot be expressed: for, let iealousie be foolish and wit be apish, a priuate contentment is worth a whole booke of discourse: She that commands with leaue, obeies with loue, and she that knows how to speake, is worthy to be heard, a Mother of children is better then a mistresse of seruants, and vertue being her honour, she is worthy of her grace: What difference then should be in mindes where bodies are all one? and then if youth bee gratious and age honourable, what time shall bee excepted in the esteeme of desert, blind eyes cannot iudge of colours, nor weake wits of more worth then the world. For my selfe, I am rather glad then proud of a great blessing, in my nights Philomene, and my daies Larke, in my house Doue, and my woods Turtle, in my hearts iewell, and my loues honour: whose wit rather teacheth reason, then troubles will, and whose care exceeds experience in iudgement: for her cariage I know none that hates, for her Charity many pray for her, for her kindnesse many loue her, and for her loue, many honour her; for my selfe, she is my second selfe, and to my friends, shee is as I will she shall be. For thy selfe, at the reading of thy letter she smiled, and yet told mee that seeing thy loue in it to mee, she would make much of thee for mee. In summe, come and see vs, and if thou findest not what I write, bee sorry for that I haue done, in the meane time, let it suffice thee that I am so well pleased, as the world can deuise me. So wishing thee in the like predicament of pleasure, I rest,

Thine as mine owne, D. R.

A Letter of Complements.

SIr, how much I am obliged to your vndeserued fauour, I would my better seruice, then protestation might approue, but I hope I was not borne to bee in the Roll of the vngratefull, though time and occasion are slow in my thankfulnesse. I had written to you long since, but that knowing your wisedome, I would not trouble you with vanities, hauing no businesse of importance, that might answer your patience in perusing them: forraine occurrents come faster then true, & homespunne wits speake of no matter of worth: the antiquitie of Charitie is almost worn out of memorie, & pride is as fresh as fancies are foolish, the world is so full of businesse, that heauen is little thought of, and faire weather more prayed for, then faire actions are in practice: the death of rich men makes the Drapers harueſt, and prodigall Heires are the Tailors good Masters: Punkes are at low prizes, for they weare but poore cloathes, and can scarce pay for their lodging: much speaking against sinne, but the frailty of flesh, makes fooles forget their lessons: more borrowing then paying, and more beggers, then Vsurers, and yet Brokers, and Scriueners, are seldome idle for lacke of worke: what lacke you is so common, that it takes acquaintance in euery street. Gay cloathes are often pawned before they are payed for; and Bonds with their forfeitures made Bankerupts of braue fellowes. Time is most regarded in the present Tense: for what is past, is forgotten, and what is to come, is not thought of: friends are many in name more then in nature, and many a man is most his owne enemie. For my selfe as you left me, I am, and what I am or can be, shall be no more mine owne, then yours: To whose command I leaue the seruice of my loue, and so rest.

Thine assured to be commanded.

N. W.

The Answer.

HOw you are beholding to mee I know not, for I finde you not in the Roll of my Debtors; but, if in any thing I may pleasure you, it shall bee hard if I faile you, for your kinde Letter I thanke you, and when I may I shall be glad to see you: in the meane time a little to meet with your discourses, wee haue heere certaine obseruations, of diuers passages, as well among the male, as the female, where Russet petticoats thinke their siluer as good as Sattin kirtles, and the clouted shoo, hath more craft, then the russet Boot. The Shepheard liues merrier, then the master of his sheepe; and though his Dogge be but a Curre, yet he will wait better then a fairer Mongrell: new Alehouses swarme with beggers, and among many idle gossips, there is more reeling then spinning, and shee that is cunning at the Tic Tac, is seldome without a gamester: our dunghils tread faster then our Cocks of the game, and Woodcocks are so foolish, that they are taken in euery Springe: our sheepe are so full-bellied, that we doubt a great rot amongst them. Though the Cuckoes sing not, yet they breed in many by-places, and our Owles will not let a Mouse alone in a Barne. When our Fores leaue their Boroughs, the Geese fly home to their harbour, but if they meet with a Lambe, they will sucke out his heart-blood. Many came to our Wakes, that were better haue beene asleepe, when things done in a meriment, fall out to a sorie matter: bragging Cowards, and brabling Cockscombs, trouble our Constables, while the drunken Begger sits, and sings in the Stocks: poore Tenants are so behinde with their Rents, that many Landlords keepe but bare houses: Couetous Pizers loue not to part with money though they haue no charge; but a wofull wife, yet if it be to pay debts, they will deferre it till the last houre: Trauellers though they goe but a little way, yet, they will tell tales of great length; and fooles, if they want company, they will laugh at their owne shadowes: Wise men keepe themselues

warme,

warme, and witty wenches, will not bee without friends: honestie and Virginitie are maried while they are yong, and vertue and beauty are strange sights in a market: and when the Hound runnes with the Hare, the huntsman may goe home to dinner. Many other like notes, to no purpose, are heere among vs sometimes to make sport with; if you will come among vs, perhaps you will see matter of more worth: in the meane time, let mee entreat you the time may not be long, when you shall make your owne welcome, and finde me to my power,

Your assured loving friend.

T. V.

A fantasticall Letter to a friend, to try both his wit, and his patience.

After my hearty commendations to my friends, I wonder how you came in the Roll; but hoping of your health as mine owne, I would bee glad to see you, for feare of loosing of mine eye sight: but for hearing of you, except it be to preserue me from deafnesse, I assure you it neuer troubles mee: for when I know no good to expect from you, I wonder what I should doe with you, except to learne ignorance out of idlenesse, or to make worke to no purpose; yet for old acquaintance knowing this bearers comming neere you, I thought it good to tell you how well I loue you, yet lest you should misconstrue my meaning, let mee assure you, that hee that doth truely know you, will accordingly esteeme you: but if you know your selfe, it will bee the better for you. I am no Schoolemaster, and therefore will reade you no precepts, but, would wish you to obserue time in his working, for a good note is worth the keeping: and to hold a friend as a iewell,

and a foole, as a loſſe of time: for my ſelfe, if I could be what I would, I ſhould be more yours then I am, and if you were as I could wiſh, you ſhould be that you are not. In breefe, if you come neere this towne, my houſe ſhall not hurt you, and if you come for my good, it may be, I ſhall thanke you: and ſo till I ſee you, or heare from you, I muſt content my ſelfe to be without you, and ſo for want of other matter to write vnto you, I muſt thus make an end with you,

Yours, as you mine,
W. R.

The Anſwer.

IF I ſhould commend my ſelfe to you, you would hold mee vnwiſe, and to commend you, I know not for what, nor to whom, except it be to the man in the Moone, for your paſſage through the clouds. For if your wits were not in a miſt, you would be in better temper with your braine: for your eye-ſight, no doubt but you will rather ſee your friends then your ſelfe, for feare a glaſſe ſhould make you out of loue with your ſhadow: and for your hearing, if it bee no better then your ſpeeches, if they were both ware for the market, I know no man would giue a peny for them: yet as you ſaid, leſt our acquaintance ſhould be loſt, I would let you ſee that I will not be beholding to you for a bad letter; and howſoeuer you thinke good notes worth the keeping, I aſſure you, I ſee nothing in you worth the noting: onely an idle humor of an addle braine, that would be rather idle, then ill exerciſed, which if it can fall vpon no better ſubiect, then your owne conceit, croſſe carding may put a tricke vpon your patience: yet if my poore houſe be not too baſe to entertaine ſuch a great ſtranger, if you come where I am, I hope you will offer me no wrong, but whatſoeuer I may bee, to take me as I am, which I alwaies will be, be that I ſhould be.

Yours as you mine, A. G.

A Letter of Loue to a worthy Woman.

SWeet creature, whose worth the world may admire, and the best may commend, giue me leaue with the seruice of my loue, to become a Sutor to your fauour, so farr to grace the humility of my affection, as to entertaine my desire of desert in the care of your command, in which, if my triall faile your trust, banish me the hope of your good opinion: pardon my plaine stile, that had rather be regarded for truth, then discarded for suspition of the contrary, and excuse my presumption in the entire faith of my affection, which desires rather to be your seruant, then a great master: my condition is not base, nor my estate beggerly, for my person, not deformed, nor my yeares aged: onely in equality of more worth, then my words can expresse, I subscribe to your excellence, and submit my happinesse vnder heauen, to your goodnesse: to the comfort of whose kindnesse, leauing the honour of my loue, and the ioy of my life, I take my leaue for this time, but rest alwaies

Happy if yours, and but yours,

N D.

Her Answer.

VVOrthy Sir, of better fortune, then my folly, to command where I haue no interest, or to grace that I may honor, for your wisdome so disabling your equality with my vertue, cannot be suspected lesse then to ouer-ballance the best of my opinion: yet let mee wish you rather to hold an honorable freedome, then an vnworthy bondage, & to be content with your selfe, then to aduenture the command of another: to doe you good, and my selfe no hurt, I should bee glad, but to doe you hurt, and my selfe no good, I should bee sorry: let me leaue therefore to your patience the issues of your hope, in the expectation of your happinesse, in some higher straine

then

then the meane ſtring of my eſtate, which in the beſt that it can be, may bee bettered in a bleſſed helpe, to the hope thereof and prayers for which, with thanks for your kindneſſe, I reſt for this time, but hereafter may better reſt,

Your friend, if no further,
M. W.

A kind Letter to one that was newly returned from Trauell.

COſen, I heare of your ſafe returne from your long Trauell, with your health, which I am heartily glad of, if I could ſée you at my houſe, your welcome I hope you make no doubt of, and in the meane time if your leiſure from your more ſerious buſineſſe, will ſerue you, to write a word or two of your trauells in briefe, till more length of time may bee fitted for further diſcourſe: your letter I ſhall take as kindly as a greater matter from a greater man. Good Coſen if it may be, come home with this bearer, and be Porter of your own letter, or ſend mee word when I ſhall ſend a horſe for you, and meet you by the way, where wee may paſſe away the time with ſuch paſſages as I know will paſſe for currant betwixt vs: Thus loth to entertaine you with circumſtances, and ceremonious complements in the condition of the beſt conceit the truth of an honeſt heart, I reſt,

Your very kinſman and friend to vſe,
W. R.

The Anſwer.

GOod Coſen, the longeſt day hath his night, and the further trauell hopes of a reſtfull returne: but the world is ſo full of croſſes, that on the earth is no high way to happi-

neſſe,

nesse, the nights so obscure the daies, the stormes so distem-per the calmes, sickenesse such a crosse to health, and envy such an enemy to vertue, that desires in their deserts, & deserts in their due, are either so delaied, or deluded, that when there is almost no faith on the earth, where is the hope of felicity in this world. I have seene much, and observed not a little, and in all nations one thing have I chiefly noted, that money is become such a false god, as carieth many to the Deuill. Beauty is more artificiall then naturall, wisdome more spoken of, then known, fortune become an excuse of folly, and wit more subiect to will, then to reason: quarrells easier begunne then ended, and friends like Swallows, seldome seen but in Summer. Stratagems more bloody then honorable, & conquests the agents of sorrow: war more vnciuill, then ciuill, & peace more blessed then praised: craft commended for conueiance, and truth more praised then practised: seruice but hopes heritage, and liberty the trouble of the law, honesty a badge to a bare coat, and charitie at deaths doore with cold: yet God hath his Church where the people are blessed: the King is gratious, the Prince religious, the Counsell wise, the Nobles vertuous, the gentles are courteous, the learned are studious, and the rich are charitable; where honesty is esteemed honorable, and truth is gratious, which honor and religion is held in high reuerence; where the God of peace, through a peacefull King hath made a peacefull kingdome: and let me speak truth, in all my trauailes, for all causes of content, I neuer saw such a Paradise, if there be any vpon earth: where it is, or of what name, I will tell you when I see you, with many other matters of some import, too tedious at this time to write of. Shortly as I can I will see you, and till then wishing you as to my selfe, health and hearts happinesse, I rest,

Your very loving kinsman,
D. I.

A letter to a Brother at Court.

BRother, I doe not wonder a little, at the strength of thy wit, and the weakenesse of thy vnderstanding; that canst conceiue so much, and consider so little: thou knowst, there is no seruice to the Court, nor fishing to the Sea, but to bee an Ape in Court, to get nothing but a pyde coat, goes me thinketh against the haire of a good wit; to be kinde is a signe of a good nature, to bee courteous proues a ciuill demeanure, to bee honest, a gratious disposition, and to bee valiant, a braue spirit: but wisdome lookes with a cleere sight into the world, how to goe thorow it, to liue in it, and to leaue it: Words are but winde till their substance comes to weight, promises weake holds, till performance be found faithfull, and fortune a fiction of one foole to beguile another: bashfulnesse is babish, where honesty need not blush; bashfulnesse is idle, where patience is more profitable, and loue is best written in a golden letter. These Rules well read ouer, will tell you where you are out of square; but a Country-man can be no Schoolemaster for a Courtier, and therefore rather wishing thee a happy houre of comfort vpon some commodious occasion, then to grieue thee with vnkindnesse, to call thy wits in question for commodity, and assuring thee of a fast friend in the Countrey, howsoeuer fortune fauour thee in Court. Let mee I pray thee heare from thee of such occurrents as may be written, and read without the danger of the Land-Setters, that sometime in stead of springing a Partridge, dos flush a Woodcocke, I rest,

Thy true loving brother,

M. N.

The Answer.

BRother I haue receiued your letter, and know your loue, but for your iudgement vpon my wit, vpon the effect of my hopes, I had rather pitie your discretion, then reproue your opinion: for, let mee tell you, for your Dister at the Sea, if it were not for the Crab or the Lobstar, the fish would liue well enough with the Tide. I confesse, a brazen face that cannot blush gets more thē a shame-fac'd spirit, but how gets he it, with a iest, either of Chaucer, or some such author, and with a little drosse much scorne, more infamy, little estæme, and no honour: words breds hopes, and their substance, happinesse: promises are the bonds of conscience, and their performance, the grounds of comfort. Time is the seruant of patience, and truth the care of wisdome; profit the honour of labour, and obseruation the eye of experience, where, though the wæke sæme long, Sunday is a blessed holy day: a blinde eie can iudge no colours, nor the Countrey the courses of the Court: therefore let them loue the world, that thinke neuer to leaue it, and long to liue in it, that desire neuer to bee out of it: whatsoeuer bee the fiction of fortune, since it is not the outside, that shewes the inside, and the pleasing of humours, is the play of poore spirits, let me alone to vnderstand my owne language, and to determine of mine owne designes: yet for your selfe I loue you, for your aduice I thanke you, and for your loue I requite you with the like, assuring you, that what I am in my place, or shall bee in my preferment, I will be as fast a friend to thy affection, as thy loue is to my life, in which, as we are in name, let vs be in nature all one, and the same, and so I rest,

Thy most loning brother,

R.N.

A ſpeedy Poſt

Two quicke haſty Letters.

COuſin, I heare you are not well, I pray you by this bearer write me word how you doe, if you doe well, I ſhall doe the better, for ſuch is my affection, as cannot but bee a partner in your paſſion: So till I heare from you, which I much deſire, though but in a word or two, I reſt,

Yours while I am mine owne,

D. T.

The Anſwer,

GOod Couſin, I thanke God, I am well, if you bee well all is well, farewell.

Yours or not mine owne,

B. T.

A Letter of Loue, from *John* a Nods to his Sweet heart.

SWeet Suſan, you know I am no ſwiller, & therefore will make no cogges with you; nor no gamiler, and therefore will not play a falſe Carde with you; but as true as I liue, I loue you, now that is the plaine truth, & therfore beleeue it; for by my hetſen ſoule, I doe not halt with you, for at the laſt time when I laſt danced with you, your hand gaue ſuch a twitch to my heart, that it was ready to leape out at my mouth, to deliuer my mind to you, but folkes were by, that I could not ſpeake to you, and therefore I haue gotten the Schoolemaſter of our Towne to write this for mee to you: Now, if you be as you are, and I hope will bee, as kinde to me, as I will be to you, it ſhall not bee long ere it come to that vpſhot, that ſhall not in haſt bee put backe againe: and

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therefore, I pray you, weare these Gloues that I send you, they cost mee two groats, I would they were better for you: so till I see you at the Wake, the next weeke, where I hope a good bargaine shall not bee long a making, when good ware will bee worth money, and an honest man will take paines for his liuing, I rest

Your owne Sweetheart.

I. N.

Her Answer.

TRuely, Iohn, I know not what to say to you, but I would be loth that you should bee so ill that I could not helpe you, but had I knowne your minde when I was last with you, I could with more content haue written to you: for I will tell you what; after you were gone from me, there came a youngker vnto me, that kept such a stirre with me, that there was no ho, but hee would haue me. For by his Troth hee sware, and all the Trothes that hee could sweare by, that for this whole yeare, he had had a moneths minde to me, and doe what I could, I could not be rid of him, before I did tell him that I could loue him, and so indeed I could, if I had knowne him, for he was a handsome fellow: but being a stranger, hee should pardon me for the maine chance. Now therefore yet Iohn all is whole, and I am a true maid, and since an honest Bachelor is worthy of a good wench without Cogs or Cards, by my Hollidum, I sweare, there shall no loue bee lost betwirt true hearts, but I am my fathers iewell, and you are your mothers ioy: and therefore if they will thinke well of the matter, I hope all shall be, as it will be: For your gloues I thanke you, but why are you at such charges with mee: but 'tis no matter: there will be more gotten or lost, by that time this bargaine be made vp: at the Wake I hope to meet you,

Two quicke hasty Letters.

COusin, I heare you are not well, I pray you by this bearer write me word how you doe, if you doe well, I shall doe the better, for such is my affection, as cannot but bee a partner in your passion: So till I heare from you, which I much desire, though but in a word or two, I rest,

Yours while I am mine owne,
D. T.

The Answer,

GOod Cousin, I thanke God, I am well, if you bee well all is well, farewell.

Yours or not mine owne,
B. T.

A Letter of Loue, from *Iohn* a Nods to his Sweet heart.

SWeet Susan, you know I am no Miller, & therefore will make no cogges with you; nor no gamster, and therefore will not play a false Carde with you; but as true as I liue, I loue you, now that is the plaine truth, & therfore beleeue it; for by my kersen soule, I doe not halt with you, for at thelast turne when I last danced with you, your hand gaue such a twitch to my heart, that it was ready to leape out at my mouth, to deliuer my mind to you, but folkes were by, that I could not speake to you, and therefore I haue gotten the Schoolemaster of our Towne to write this for mee to you: Now, if you be as you are, and I hope will bee, as kinde to me, as I will be to you, it shall not bee long ere it come to that vpshot, that shall not in hast bee put backe againe: and

there-

therefore, I pray you, weare these Gloues that I send you, they cost mee two groats, I would they were better for you: so till I see you at the Wake, the next weeke, where I hope a good bargaine shall not bee long a making, when good ware will bee worth money, and an honest man will take paines for his liuing, I rest

Your owne Sweet heart.

I. N.

Her Answer.

TRuely, Iohn, I know not what to say to you, but I would be loth that you should bee so ill that I could not helpe you, but had I knowne your minde when I was last with you, I could with more content haue written to you: for I will tell you what; after you were gone from me, there came a youngker vnto me, that kept such a stirre with me, that there was no ho, but hee would haue me. For by his Troth hee sware, and all the Trothes that hee could sweare by, that for this whole yeare, he had had a moneths minde to me, and doe what I could, I could not be rid of him, before I did tell him that I could loue him, and so indeed I could, if I had knowne him, for he was a handsome fellow: but being a stranger, hee should pardon me for the maine chance. Now therefore yet Iohn all is whole, and I am a true maid, and since an honest Bachelor is worthy of a good wench without Cogs or Cards, by my Hollidam, I sweare, there shall no loue bee lost betwirt true hearts, but I am my fathers iewell, and you are your mothers ioy: and therefore if they will thinke well of the matter, I hope all shall be, as it will be: For your gloues I thanke you, but why are you at such charges with mee: but 'tis no matter: there will be more gotten or lost, by that time the bargaine be made vp: at the Wake I hope to meet you,

and therefore be not a sleepe when you should be there: I will haue a tricke to get my father thither, and if you can bring your mother, I hope we shall haue a merry day: Farewell.

Thine owne if good hap hit.

S.P.

A Letter of quarrell from one Country youth to another.

NEighbour Robin you doe me wrong, and that more then I meane to beare at your hands: for I heare that you are a suiter to Margery my Sweet-heart, and that vpon the last Holliday you danced with her vpon the Greene, and like a sawcy fellow slapt her on the lips, when you parted from her: if I had been there, and it had been so, I would haue told you a little of my minde, but neuer bee the lesse, I giue you warning henceforth, to bee quiet, and to meddle with your owne businesse, and let mee alone with mine, and come no more to the Common where she goes a milking: for, if I catch you there, I will so clapper-claw your Cocks-combe, that you shal haue smal mind of wooing: and furthermore, I charge you, by these presents, that if you see her at the [illegible]ket, that you speake not to her, and speciously, that you go not with her into any Alehouse, to drinke and talke with her. For indeed to tell you the truth I lacke but her consent to make her my Wife, for I haue loued her aboue these three weekes, though she know not so much: but she shall doe shortly; and therefore I wish you in good will to forbeare, otherwise you and I are two, and so will continue: and so I rest,

Yours as you vse me.

R. I.

The

The Answer.

NEighbour Rowland you wrong your selfe so much, that no bodie needs to wrong you more: you beleeue that you heare, and therefore say, and write what you list: but fall out what will, Margery is my Sweet-heart, and shall be still. I will goe to the Common, and giue her a greene gowne, and helpe her home with her milke, and see her euery day, and dance with her on the Holliday, and kisse her, and clip her too, and if you looke on I care not, for spite of your nose, I will kisse her before your face, and aske you no beleaue: and if you be angry, turne the buckle of your girdle behinde you: and for your blowes, begin when you dare; for if you doe threaten me, take heed to your selfe, lest I bast your leather shoulders, and make you feele the weight of my fist, this is all I haue to say to you, be what you will be, I will bee as I thinke good to be, and so I rest,

Yours as you mine.

R. W.

A merry Letter to a Kinsman to craue his opinion of a neighbour of his.

COusin touching your request I haue written to you, to let you vnderstand that the man in the Moone keepes within the Clouds, and Venus and Vulcan are at iarre about Cupid, because Mars makes so much of him, that the Smith weares yellow hose: but the higher powers of the lower Regions haue made all whole, he hath forgiuen her a fault, and she hath made vse of his folly, and all is well, as long as it will hold: for your owne businesse, there is nothing neglected, that is necessarie; vpon my next writing, you shall heare further

to your content: in the meane time, I pray you let mee heare from you, how you do, and how your affaires hold their hopes; and among other things that you shall haue occasion to write of. Let me know your opinion of good man Thrale your left side neighbour: for I haue of late heard much talke (but to little purpose) of him. Some say, hee is a very wise man, for, hee knowes on which side of his bread to spread his Butter: other say, he is a good man, for his word will bee taken with the best in the towne: other say, hee is a kinse man, for what he cannot eate, he will hide: some say he keepes a house all of our Ladie, for he giues nothing for Gods sake: other say he is a Snudge, and will not allow himselfe so good meat, as hee will his Horse. Some say he is a great Traueller, betwixt Greenes-end, and Lyon Key, when to saue two pence, he goes in the Common Barge, and there hee hath talke enough all the Tide, for all the people. For his proportion, heo is squared out like a scar-crow in a garden, with a face like the one of the foure winds in a Map: and some will say hee is a Cuckold, which I cannot beleeue, for hee hath a very filthy Wife, that no man would but for spight: other say say hee is a Wittoll, and that I can neuer beleeue: for I thinke hee would be glad to haue any partner in his Bag-pudding: to be short, whatsoeuer I haue heard of him, let me entreat your opinion of him; and so without idle complements, in the affection of an honest heart, I rest:

Your very louing Kinsman.

T. B.

His Answer.

Cousin, your kinde Letter I haue receiued, your kindnesse with thankes returned, your request I haue fulfilled. For my opinion of my left-side neighbour, if I could tell what to make of him, I would say something of him: but lest you

should thinke I would make silence my excuse of ignorance. I will tell you a little what I think of him: whosoeuer speakes best, speakes worst of him, for his desert will answer it, without contradiction: for betwixt a shadow and a substance, a Knaue, and a Foole, a Monster and a Man, I know not how to decipher him. For his complexion, like his condition: the one a sanguine, the other as blacke as pitch: for his haire, which is not much, yet that which is, is of the colour of a black Bone, and curled, like a Water dogge: his voice is lowd as a Criers, that puts all to silence, with O yes. His wit all in craft, to compasse the world, a conscience as wide as Hell, a tongue that talks more then ten women, and lyes as fast as a Dogge will trot: yet among fooles, hee is held a great man, and hauing one of the best houses in the parish, among beggers he is held almost as good as Walter Constable: but, for his house Doue, tis such a flesh Crow, that none but a Iacke Daw would come neere her: and for horne row, since hungry dogges will eate durty puddings, I thinke he may passe with the cap of pitie. For his hospitalitie, I know not what his priuate diet is, but in publique he hath but three dishes, Pike, Rise, and Water. Religion I thinke he hath none, but to come to Church to saue charges: and for kindnesse, I thinke he was gotten against the consent of both parties. For money, hee is as vnwilling to lend as to pay, and for neighbourhood, I know no man loues him. For my selfe, I haue heard & seene so much ill of him, that I am weary to thinke of him: and therefore till I see you, to tell you my minde further of him, I will write no further of him, but leaue him to the Lord to amend him: And so for this time I end, but rest during life.

Your most louing Kinsman.

D. R.

A Letter to the same friend for the like matter.

COusin gramercie for thy kind Letter, and true description of thy neighbour noddie: I would bee glad once more to heare a little of thy opinion of thy next neighbour, Dilkris the she-Deuill, who lookes as like a Saint as our Ladie of Whitsontide. Some say, she hath charmes in her eyes, to enchant the hearts of fooles, to make themselues poore to maintaine her pride, and for a tongue it talkes naturally euill, and foolishly wittily: besides, she hath strange qualities, and not one worth a halfe-peny: She will tinckle with her fingers as though she would play on a Lute, and tis but to play with a Lowt, and trip with her feet as though she could dance, and tis but to shew shee can tread her shoo awry, and looke in a glasse to set faces, where the best is but as bad almost as her Bawds: paint shee doth extremely, till shee hath left ne're a good tooth in her head, and takes Tobacco to helpe a worse breath: sometime she will be melancholly, and sit, as though shee had the cholick, and by and by take a fiding sticke, as though she meant to make some base musicke: in sum, I heare she is a wanton of some charge, which makes me wonder, being so many, so good cheape round about her: her Pedlers shop, I heare is growne poore, and yet she holds her wares at a rate above the market. I heare she hath vndone your neighbour Gander-goose of Greene-hill, and Tom Ale Pinny-hammer of the Hamlet next the Cocks-shoot, and some other such pretty fellowes, that will sell a Farme, rather then purchase a Lease. Truely it is pitie, but when there is no helpe, tis as good leaue a foole to his folly, as to talke to him to no purpose. And therefore hoping wise men will looke to keepe themselues warme, loth to trouble thee with a long Letter to no better end; I rest to the end of this life.

Thine as mine owne.

D. P.

The

The Answer.

AT the receipt of your Letter, I met with Mistris Puscat my vngentle gentle, who came by mee with such a gesture, or such a set, as if she had sore heeles, or the vpper ioynts were out of ioint, and with such vngracious graces, that a horse, if he could, would haue broke his halter to haue kickt her: but to tell you my opinion of her, were it not for losing of time to be employed in better businesse, I should speake much, and all too little of her nothing worth: but in a few words I will tell you what I thinke of her, when I haue thought all, not worth the thinking on. Shee is the Painters Subiect, and the Chirurgeons Agent: a Mistris of fooles, and a companion for knaues. For her qualities, she hath few good, and those she abuseth, for her euill they are apparant without description: for her disposition, she is inclined to no vertue, and for her condition, she is notoriously vicious: for her language shee hath but one, and that shee vseth very ill: for vertue, it is a Riddle to her, and for vanity, it is her loue. For her eyes, they are of the kind of a Cockatrice, for if she catch a foole looking after her, though she kill him not, she will begger him: and for her voice, it is like the Crocodiles, which if any giue her the hearing, he will hardly escape the sting of her hinder part: shee loues a Gossip as her life, and her drinke as her soule: her Musicke is most vpon a Iewes-trumpe, and a base Fiddle: For her shop it is seldome shut vp, and for her ware, she hath few Chapmen, and those that are, haue lost so much by her, that they are almost as weary of her, as I am with writing of her: and therefore wishing her farther off, that I might not be troubled with her, till we meet together to talke further of her, I rest.

Thine or not mine owne,

P. N.

A speedy Post

A cunning Letter to borrow money of a wary friend.

SIr, your often kinde promises make me presume to craue one performance, not that I doubt your kindnesse, but, that I would oblige my selfe to your loue: for, though the matter be not great, nor my occasion much, yet at this instant a little may pleasure me more then a little: Fortie Crownes is the summe I desire, sixe moneths the time for my paiment, my Bond for your assurance, with requitall in a greater measure: Excuses are the worst answers, and the closest natures of denials, and a free spirit is most worthy loue: it is the first, and shall be the last of my trouble in this nature: for I had rather lend then borrow: but since a sudden businesse bids me be bold with a friend, I had rather challenge a promise of kindnesse, then aduenture a hope of a courtesie. I pray you therefore, answer me by this Bearer, to such effect, as may make mee finde you, and euer esteeme you, as you shall euer haue me.

Your faithfull friend.

T. W.

His answer.

SIr, I haue receiued your Letter, and read the Contents, and would be glad to content you in a greater measure of kindnesse: but to doe my selfe much hurt, and you little good, I hope such is your wisedome, as will rather excuse mee, then disfauor me. Money I haue, but such present vse for it, that, if I lend, I must borrow, and a friend will consider of occasions by his owne. Time is precious, to vnderstanding spirits: and knowing your disposition, I dare presume of your affection, not to rest vpon points, of any iniurious imagination, but to be-

be resolute vpon protestations of friendship without fortune. In briefe, pardon my vnwilling deniall for this time, and hereafter, wherein I may, bee assured of my best power, in which, with vnfained good will, you shall alwaies find me,

Your very louing friend,

D. T.

A merry Letter to a friend touching the description of an idle Companion.

VVorthy Henry, I commend my loue to thy kindnesse, and knowing thy little loue to melancholly, am bold to trouble thée with an idle letter, rather to make thée laugh at an Asse, then to trouble thée with matter of more worth: wee haue of late come into our quarters, the foure quarters of a strange beast, which, in the shape of an ill fauoured asse, deceiues many a simple creature. What his name is I know not, but he is commonly called Sinior Snipskin, a Gentleman of the first head, and by them that vnderstand him, pointed at all points, not worth a point, for his proportion, neither a Giant, nor a Pigney, but somewhat higher they thrée horse loaues; for his complexion a sodden sanguine, and for his feature, a face to fright a Fairie: for haire, of a darke Russet, and sparing in quantity, but such a nose as hanges ouer euery mans necessity, to make a gaine of his misery. Religious he seemes to be, for he will seldome sweare, but when he is angry, but hee will lie vnreasonably, especially, either to excuse a villany, or to deceiue simplicity, he is valiant, for hee fighteth with his seruants, which are commonly but one at once, and hee a poore man that scarce tarieth out the time of his liuery: now then the knaue, which he often puts vpon poore fooles, and for wit because he

can play the knaue cunningly, he thinkes he is wiser then a hundreth honest men; hee is also learned, and hath the Law at his finger ends, for he hath beene in all Courts, sauing the Court of Conscience, for there he was neuer heard of, marrie he will not for feare of charge, but loues to cut of other mens loaues, and to haue a Trencher vpon other mens Tables: his countenance is most betwixt a fleere and a laughter, and will abuse his best friend, and his wife too, if she will let him: some money he hath which he puts to vsury, and for that sorts among the takers vp, till out of his sight, they are glad to bee rid of his company: hee is blind of one eye, and lame of one hand, and yet with halfe a finger he can tell money to a farthing. Now I heare this, Whip S. Ginny is a Sutor to S. Dogbots eldest shee child, and that there will be such a match as would make a dog mad to heare of it; but tis no matter, let them goe together, a waue couple of Baboones, when I see you next, I will tell you more of him, in the meane time to prepare your opinion of him when you see him, I haue giuen you some worthy distast of him, and so end, till life end,

Endlesse yours,

W. R.

His Answer.

TO quit your kindnesse, and to meet with your Mauricedance, we haue lately come to our towne, as good a female as a you haue a Jacke, a Cistrell of such a kinde, as neuer Faulkoner would take to fist: Oh tis a puugs for all day, shap't like a Sea-Crab, and fac't like an Owle, breath'd like an Pol-cat, and eyed like a Ferret, talkes like a Parrat, and sings like a Peacocke, for her parentage, it came from the Begger, and for her Portion, shee hath had a Bastard by a Tinker, and yet goeth here for an Vrchin in stead of a Virgin, and wearing good clothes, will keepe company with

strange

ſtrange Goſſips: for her wit, ſhee is a ſhrewd Aye, for ſhee will play faſt and looſe with deepe Schollers, ſhe is as kinde as a Cuckoe, for ſhee was the death of her Grandam, and as mannerly as a ſtill-horſe, that brake winde before his Maſter, and yet this ſweet Sow Pigge I heare ſay muſt make a match, with the heire of the Pyde Bull: in earneſt it is ſuch a hey ding ding, that I know not what to ſay to her, but that I will ſay no more of her, till wee meet together to laugh our fills at her: till when and euer, I reſt,

What mine owne, thine,

M. D.

A fantaſticall Letter for a conceited Friend.

MY good friend, and ſo: After my Commendations to my friends, I marueil how you came in my head, yet hoping you are in as good health, as I was when my head ach'd, and wiſhing you no worſe hurt then you doe your ſelfe, I ſhould be ſorry that any good fortune ſhould befall you, leſt you ſhould not know how to vſe it. I heare that of late your wit is decayed through want of vnderſtanding, and yet you are of opinion, that you know the principles of Euclids Art: I wonder that you ſtudy ſo much, and vnderſtand ſo little, as not to know, that a blinde man, and he that ſtands in his owne light, are much of a light: in deed I feare you dwell at the Labour-in-Maine, or ſtare at the Moone, to ſee, if you can finde a man in it: for, I neuer ſaw a man that would ſeeme wiſe, make ſo little good proofe of it. I ſpeak not out of any ſpleene, but leaue it to your ſelfe, to be your ſelfe, that your friends may the better beare you company: for my ſelfe I hope ſhortly to ſee you,

and

and will loue you much, if you will loue your selfe a little, and me as you haue cause, farewell:

From my lodging in hast, God keepe you:

Yours as you mine,

B. T.

His Answer.

TO cōmend my selfe to you were idle, & to commend you were great ignorance: for your head ach I beléeue it, your braines were so out of temper, that for want of a bridle to your wit, you runne your humour out of breath; but, to requite your kindnesse, I am as glad of your euill, as you are sorry for my good. Your abuse of many things, makes mee feare the like in any thing: wit without vnderstanding is a riddle to my reason, but opinion without iudgement, is an enemy to discretion; the triall of wisdome is not in triuiall words: and to scoffe at Philosophy, is a Badge of folly. Labor-in-Vaine is the Labyrinth of vertue, who can scarce finde earth, to bring to any perfection: but for staring at the Moon, the man may be a fiction, but take you héed of the Sunne, lest you be asham'd of your owne shadow. For selfe-loue farre be it from me; but for my friends, I shall loue them as I haue cause, and if you come where I am, I will not shunne your company: till when as I haue béene, I am, and so intend to be,

Quid pro quo.

Yours as you know,

R. B.

Of Malignancy in the world.

And doe not you know Sir, that Frogs croke vnder the water: or you doe thinke perhaps that among the vnknowne mountaines of the new world onely the Anthropophagi men-eaters are found, there are some here amongst vs and of the more cruell sort, which devoure men quicke aliue: by this wee know the world is the world: happy hee that knowes it, but more happy that shunnes it.

Enterchange of affection.

I am not so made of stone, that in such due affection I need perswasion: therefore it was superfluous to put N.S. for a mediator, if ye make no doubt to affect mee: rest assured I love you, and I should love you also when this did faile, for the onely merit of your vertue.

Putting off praise and congratulation.

So it proues to him that measures others merits with his owne courtesie, and beholds them with the spectacles of affection, which make Emets seeme Elephants. I would I were that you seeme to thinke, not to bee ashamed for what I am, and not to blush at the prayses which you giue me in your congratulatie Letter, which was more

agréeable to you then mee, whose dignity so long deferred, not onely hath delayed the particular ioy but the common benefit, but not the reuerence, and estéeme which alwaies you haue gained your selfe with the liuely force of your vertue: and perchance the deseruing much hath prolonged the little as vnequall to your merit: but I pray trouble not our comforts with threatning, and with silence; since the greatnesse of your worth, not only may ioyne the verge to the pen, but if need require, the Miter to the sword: and make with the felicity of the one, more regardfull the dignity of the other, your inuitation hath giuen me wings, but I know not whether I shall bée able to flye, and if I can I will come to see and serue you.

I Am too slacke in thanking you for the courteous letter sent me from M. Z. wherein hee giues mee such a fine present of his friendship, & acquaintance; that I neuer thought my selfe so fortunate, as now by the gaining of so a gentle and vertuous a friend, that is able to make my friendship gratious and remarkeable. One thing remaines onely, your amplification hath in it so great a part, that I doe not relish this acquaintance with so good a conscience as I should. For I doubt ye haue put away my leaden mettall, for fine gold: but all the hurt that may ensue, shall redownd to you that haue made the contract, to whom it belongs, to make it good: and to be condemned in the cost and charges.

I write letters more for to certifie him that reads the businesse, then to enoble the writer.

I pray you looke ouer my writtings with a rod in your hand, rather then praise in your mouth.

In conclusion, this time I leaue to trouble your eyes, and pardon you my hand: so with kissing yours I end, praying God to giue you the height of your vertuous contentment.

Of

Of silence among familiars in letters.

WHilst we are all silent, freindship cryes out, which stands yet obseruing, who first is rowsed to know, who is most zealous to her, to honor her with the name of zealous; which name (by your leaue) belongs this time to mee, that suffers not long silence: nor to suffer the title of a cold friend, tell thus much to M. T. when you giue him this enclosed: and if you will not speake because you will be silent, yet speake at least to answer, but liue happy for all your silence.

Complement from one in the City, to his friend in the Country.

MY services are at you commandements, then command me often if ye desire to serue me: and recommend me to my most honored friend your Cousin N. V. If you desire to fauour me, deprive not the City of her ornament, with your abiding in the Country: you well know, that you can make ciuill the sauage woods, and make the City rude: if not, Ile come to be a countryman also, not to be a clowne in the City.

Encouragement and aduice in study, from a Master to his Scholler.

WIth my infinite contentment I haue read your letter, by which giuing me notice of your studies, you demonstrate how much you haue already profited in study, which is no small matter, for your yeares: neither doe you destaine a whit the hope, that hitherto is conceiued of your wit. Proceed then

then with courage, and heare the Poets and Orators, so that diuine Oracles may alwaies sound in the eares of your heart, and haue not so much in veneration, the engine of Tully and of Virgill, but that much more, ye reuerence in them the author of wits, and fountaine of wisdome, to whom vsing to recommend your selfe often, as I perswade my selfe you doe, ye shall apprehend as well to doe well, as to speake well,

Your affection tels me and assures me, that in your remote distance I am nere you, in your ioyes I am present.

I am glad that D. T. is fitted in a place, vertue hath a spur, and merit a reward, and where there is that can iudge and reward, I would adde more censure if you did not honor me too much with the title of a master, but since ye will haue so, be it so, for if any victorie can glorifie the vanquished, it is where masters are excelled by their Schollers.

Condoling the death of a friend.

THe bitter newes of the death of P. Q. hath so thrown downe and mortified me, that being ioyned to the little health wherein I am, leaues me no sense to any thing, but to sorrow: and if my heart had beene of yron, when I read your letter, it would haue beene a powerfull Adamant, to haue drawne from my eyes a riuer of teares: his soule is in Paradise no doubt, as the world hath and will haue still his glorious name in veneration: we may say, that in his very graue, dead as he is, he shall haue immortality of name, and the chiefe prize of a worthy scholler, as aliue he found in the hearts of so many great men, most rare humanity, and fruitfull compassion, he had ouercome enuie, now being dead, hee hath kill'd it and made it nothing: for fame beginnes to liue from the death of men, as the end of life is the beginning of glory.

If I can compose any verses that can fit my fancy, I will powre out also my shallow brooke in this great Ocean, whither all the riuers of earthly Paradise run with strife to pay tribute, &c.

Long

Long ſickneſſe.

YOur longſome infirmitie, accompanied with long prayers that you may recouer, howbeit Sickneſſe is nothing but a long inuitation of mercy, makes you to meditate on your end, then beare patiently this fatherly chaſtiſement, and remember that the more weake and infirme this fleſh is, the leſſe force it hath to rebell, and to contradict the Spirits, which I pray God fortifie in you alwayes with the force of his holy hand.

Condoling.

OVr Reuerend friend C. S. is paſſed to a better life. I reſt comfortleſſe, for ſo great a loſſe: and liue in a manner that it well appeares I liue without ioy, and cannot tell whether I may take comfort, that, that happy ſoule loued mee much, or whether I may weepe, that he left mee ſo ſoone: I will weepe, for to wretched and miſerable men, nothing is more comfortable then teares.

A bare Complement.

SIR, not vouchſafing mes ſometimes your commandements, is as it were, a commanding to bee ſilent: but yet I will not bee ſo ſtill, but that at leaſt you may remember I liue, and liue yours: I pray acknowledge mes for ſuch a one, by ſome ſigne that may more reſpect the greatneſſe of your dignitie, then my ſmall deſert.

A challenge for not writing.

WHere are all the promises to write vnto mee that you made in Yorke, I doe not thinke London hath absolued you from them: For shee being the mother of courtesie, and the Schoole of ciuilitie, rather ought to checke you for the default, and prouoke you to satisfaction, then to harden you in your proceeding. I haue expected you hitherto in penance: Now I stay to see if in these dayes of Lent you at least will make conscience thereof, and whether you thinke to keepe Easter with this offence: But I hope you will surnay your fault if for nothing else, not to faile your promise.

Aduertisement and condoling of a friend vpon the death of his mother.

WHat is this life: but a short and cloudy winters day, wherein many are cut off in the morning; others at mid-day, and few see the euening: but your mother hath finished her course neere the last houre; with that puritie, and innocency of life, as she began the first: it is a great comfort, to all vs that are akin, and to you in particular, that is her sonne: who mee thinkes I see betweene the affection of zeale and loue to your mother, and the Decorum of manly fortitude, passe ouer this accident, with your wanted prudence. Whereby nothing remaines to tell you concerning this; but for your greater consolation, that in my armes shee yeelded vp her spirit.

Sleight condoling.

THe death of A. M. grieues me; rather in respect of you that in reason feeles it, as the losse of an Vncle is louing as hee was, then for respect of him: since hee hauing liued fourescore yeares: and, his life leaning onely on the falling staffe of extreme old age, was more to be feared then hoped: herevpon I say, that you hauing so farre off foreseene the stroke, you haue felt it so, that it might not passe, to the second motion of the minde, and therefore I will not stay to comfort you, nor to mourne with you, that hee is dead that must needs soone dye, rather that by course of nature, could liue no longer: God that hath tane him to glory, preserue you long aliue.

Offer of seruice.

I Should bee too ingrate, for the great fauour that comes from you to mee; if I did not repay those graces with my pen: which I would doe more willingly by some act of seruice: if I could euer hope to be of worth, that I might bee admitted in the number of those seruants, which are not altogether vnprofitable. Notwithstanding forbeare not to condemne mee sometimes: for by this meanes yee might, making mee what I am not, cause mee to bee esteemed more worthy then I am worthy. So with doing you reuerence, I pray God alwayes to preserue your most excellent person.

To

A ſpeedy Poſt

To the ſame *F. G.* thankes.

O How many fauours, Sir, you doe for mee: when ſhall I euer bee able to requite them: but you expect nought, from ſo poore a Debtor; you liue to giue helpe, and count it a happineſſe to doe a benefit, whereby ye hold your ſelfe well rewarded, when occaſion is offered you, to exerciſe your courteous goodneſſe, which I hope you will accept in ſtead of ſeruice; the ardent deſire that liues in mee to ſerue you, ſince my fortune will not as yet allow mee otherwiſe to manifeſt my thankfulnes: Liue happy as the Patron of I. G.

So I kiſſe your hands no leſſe deſirous of your commands, then to be fauoured by your courteſies.

Congratulation.

WIth new merits you are alwaies making way for new offices, and new honors: I am as glad of it as any earthly thing can make mee: and for a ſigne of it, ſend you this ſhort congratulation, to kiſſe your hands.

By being Seruant to the moſt illuſtrious your Noble Lord, you haue excellently well prept vp your hopes, and brought your backe to a ſafe hauen: hee is a Maſter of great goodneſſe, and experimented worthineſſe: and for that which I could collect in the little time that hee fauoured vs with his preſence, hee hath an amiable cariage, eaſie behauiour, and a pleaſant ouerlineſſe, a great aduantage for ſeruants: my minde prognoſticates great matters of him, and my heart tell me, that he ſhall haue higher honours: and of you I haue no meane thoughts: hauing viuacitie of wit, which you can manage with facilitie, and can accommodate to that which may be for your aduancement: and for the Phi-

loſophy

losophy of Court, you haue as much as in euery occasion to make vse of. Then serue cheerefully and loue me: but not like a Courtier.

Sir I am iealous, because I am a louer: but yet enflamed with such a fire; that the vertue of him which kindles it, doth adde fuell likewise, and makes the flame immortall, as the cause is also.

What a fine manner to vanquish mee without battell by shewing onely the weapons, a double victory of reason and courtesie.

My slacknesse to pleasure you, is nothing, but a desire to serue you, the more completely.

A louing parting complement.

AT what time, I thinke of your departure (and I doe not seldome thinke thereon) I afflict my selfe, altogether, with such an intentiue griefe which couers my heart with a thicke cloud of melancholly, that by little and little is dispersed into my countenance: that it takes away my being and power to shew my selfe cleare, and transparent, as I vse to be towards you. But if loue bee reciprocall, you may by the motions of your mind, gueſſe at mine: and that you should not loue me, 'tis impossible: for loue is not blind in his craft: and I who haue so great a part thereof, know that I am not deceiued: rather it were great Piety, if now at length ye would seeme a little lesse louing, and would be also a little discourteous: for then I should not feele, so to my griefe, your departure. But you cannot faile to be your selfe in all occasions: and I in this point will learne, to bee more tem-

temperate, in my affections: and will make profit in thinking on the pleasure of our meeting againe.

Advice for writing Letters.

I Thanke you, for remembring mee, and for the love you beare me, for which ye haue mine in exchange; but I would ye wrote vnto mee more familiarly, without so many curiosities, and so many perfumed phrases, besides I cannot tell if it were your will or purpose to write vnto mee in the vulgar tongue, there are so many Latine sentences, wherewith you haue stuffed your Letter. But vpon such Pedantick infection, Letters should not be so learned: chiefely those that are written to familiar friends, and treat of domesticall affaires, and if you can interlace some Latine words, it would be done temperately, and with much iudgement, they should be rather Mottos or Prouerbs, that sound better in that then our tongue, and to vse them in such fashion, as Cicero vsed the Greeke tongue: Beauties are naturall to each language, translations will seeme affectations. Let your elocution bee cleare, & not intangled with labour that pleaseth not. Words should not be drawne from the bowels of antiquitie, for ostentation of exactnesse, of the language: nor so new that vse hath not embraced them, and made them common. Let them bee proper, and of good sound, and fit for a Letter, and not for an Oration. What am I doing? I should haue a hundreth things to say, if I had not a thousand things to doe: follow your studies, Let your wit accompany you, and the commodiousnesse of the place, helpe you: your constitution will not faile you, but keepe a meane in all things: for sometimes with studying too much, you will be forced to study but a little: If ye come to this City, you shall come wished for, and wee will make you goe away thence against your will.

A complement for a louing Letter.

My wit is poore: but it is made rich in the riches of yours, which so liberally you offer mee, in your precious Letter, whereby you praise, and enrich me equally at one instant. Notwithstanding for the riches I accept them, to supply my want: the praise for my instruction. And I giue you Sir in lieu thereof so much loue, that with this treasure I can enrich you as well as I am honoured, and made immortall by your pen.

God grant you long life, that long you may doe good, and mee more abilitie and worthy that I may bee worthy your commandements.

Your

Shreds of complements.

I Giue you infinite thankes for entreating mee, for that which I should beseech you: you would fauour me, without obliging me; nay make your selfe my debtor, where I owe so much, that I dare not aduenture it in words, since I cannot satisfie it with effects.

Remember that in a gentle heart, with a few good words, many ill dæds are reconciled.

I pray comfort me with your commandements, for being present in seruice, I shall not seeme to be farre off in person.

If I were assured not to erre, in fore-seeing my owne acts, as I am certaine not to faile in prognosticating of your merits I would not doubt to be a great Soothsayer.

A speedy Post

I giue you infinite thankes: and beseech you though you are neare to the Towne to bee nearer me also with your commandements, that I may rest aswell comforted by serving you: as I am bettered by your vsuall fauors, &c.

His singular affection doth so farre exceed and out-run my merit, that I could neuer haue the confidence to bee able to ouertake it but by meanes of his meere grace.

Putting off prayses.

YOur Poetry makes me much more then my selfe to performe its office: which is to faine things not as they are, but as they should be; and by how much it is the more rich of inuention, by so much it is the better poesie. Therefore I pardon you, all the excellencies, and magnificencies that you giue me, since that you doe it not so much to exalt me as to make glorious your composition, which is altogether beautifull, I meane for your seruice onely, not for my name, besides it shewes me, what which I should be, whilest it makes me that, which I am not: Well, therefore I sigh and all in vaine, because, that in this case I would you were more Historian, then Poet: and so heartily, that is, without fiction, I am yours.

Courage

Courage to proceed.

I Am glad that you recreate mee with the fruits of your gentle invention, yet I would they were finished, and that yee did not like the Leopard, who, if at the first leape he catcheth not the game, hee regards it not, nor followes it more. Beleeve me that to doe well is not a businesse so by chance: but it requires a constant sufferance, and a long diligence, against those birthes many times are worthy of light which are made in darknesse.

Onely the art of writing.

I Write onely to write unto you, for I am in such continuall motion, and have my mind so dispersed in a hundreth parts that I cannot recollect it easily: when I come home I will give you somewhat to read, and to thinke, and also to doe: now onely I give you occasion to speake by recommending me to all our friends.

Of praise of the person.

I Never reason with my memory, that I talke not with you: nor never commerce with my bookes, that I see not a true draught of your vertue: and that in the same of the most worthies past, yours doth not resound oftentimes:

times: and that I see not shadowed in those, whose former age, would easily disdaine this present, if you and some few like to you, did not worthily hold the touch. From hence it growes, that enflamed from such honored examples, I cannot containe my pen, but it flyes to reuerence you, nor my Muse, but with a still voice it sings your praise: wherefore for a patterne of the one, and other effect, yee will accept this letter, with the Sonnet adioyned, wherein if I shall haue knowledge to praise with as much grace, as in iustice you deserue, you shall not be defrauded of your merit, nor I of my desire.

Your visits are graces: your commands fauours: and the assurance of your loue infinite contentment.

FINIS.